Song of Solomon 1:2

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by peppermintquartz

Summary

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.

Notes

Snippet set in between "Bread and Music" and "For Him I Sing".

"I'm drunk," Will declared and flopped onto the bed. "Or am I? Do drunk people know they're drunk? If I know I'm drunk I'm not really drunk, am I?"

"Perhaps you're merely tipsy." Hannibal smiled indulgently at his young lover, despite his discomfort at the state of his clothes. He loosened his bow tie and shucked off his tuxedo, meticulously hanging up the outfit, before going over to sit on the edge of the bed beside Will. The young man's cheeks were beautifully rosy and his eyes bright beneath his long lashes, and there is a lazy smile hovering on soft lips made pinker by the wine Will had partaken of earlier that evening. He brushed his thumb over that tempting mouth, dipping a little into moist heat, and then stood up. "I'll need a shower. Would you need assistance getting out of your clothes?"

Will wrinkled his nose. "Is there a genuine need for you to shower?" he drawled, his words tinted with a soft, languid New Orleans curl.

"Yes, mon amour, I do." Hannibal caressed Will's smooth jaw and then strolled into the bathroom.

He reeked of the champagne that rude man had spilled on him. In the past, Hannibal would have braised that man in wine. As it stood now, their apologetic hosts had offered to pay for the dry-cleaning. With a slight curl of distaste at the thought of that man walking around freely, Hannibal stepped into the warm spray and closed his eyes.

He had just shut off the spray and was reaching for the shampoo when he heard the door to the bathroom open. Will walked in, still dressed in his shirt and pants, the predatory sway to his hips slightly more pronounced than usual. Hannibal waited.

Will's lips curved before he entered the shower and turned on the water. Draping his arms over Hannibal's shoulders, Will leaned forwards to touch his lips to the older man's mouth. His shirt was soon soaked, clinging to skin, and his pants hugged the curve of his legs and ass as they grew heavier from the water.

Hannibal held his lover close, tasting Cru Beaujolais when Will opened to him. The younger man moaned softly as Hannibal sipped notes of iris and rose from his tongue. It had been a fine wine, velvety and smooth, if a little woodsy for the doctor's taste, but Will had enjoyed the bouquet. Hannibal savored it now, sucking lightly on Will's tongue; the blend of wine and Will was intoxicating.

When they finally parted, Will was even more flushed than he had been earlier. He nibbled on Hannibal's chin and murmured, "I think I came in to ask for help unbuttoning the shirt."

"Did you now?" Hannibal turned off the tap.

"Mm-hmm. And also the button on the pants. My fingers kept slippin'," Will said, his words flowing into the next. "I clean forgot when I saw you though."

“The fault is entirely mine then.” Hannibal laughed quietly, muffling his amusement in Will’s damp cheek. “Let’s get you out of those clothes, mongoose.”

Before the older man could undo Will’s shirt, his hands were caught. Will stared at his knuckles, blinking away the water beaded on his lashes, and then brushed his lips over them. He turned Hannibal’s right hand over and kissed the center of his palm, before pressing his cheek to it.

“I love your hands,” he murmured, reverential and soft. “I love how you touch me with your beautiful hands.”

“And how do my hands touch you, dear Will?”

“Like I am something treasured and forbidden. Like they will never be able to touch anything like me again,” Will said, eyes closed. “But you can always touch me, Hannibal. Always.”

The doctor smiled tenderly and kissed Will’s brow. “I will remember that, mon amour.”

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